

~•••• IDYLS OF FREEDOM ••••~



AELLA GREENE

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

PS 1764

Chap. .... Copyright No. ....

Shelf G 27 14

1894

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.









# IDYLS OF FREEDOM

AND OTHER POEMS

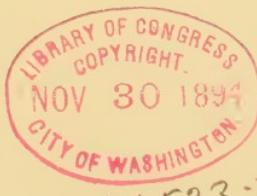
(SECOND EDITION)

BY

AELLA GREENE,

AUTHOR OF  
"JOHN PETERS," "GATHERED FROM LIFE," ETC.

PUBLISHED IN 1894.



12164  
C. A. I. A.  
1894

---

COPYRIGHT, 1894.  
BY  
AELLA GREENE.

---

---

THE BRYANT PRINTING COMPANY,  
FLORENCE, MASS.

---

# CONTENTS

---

## I.

THE GREAT SACRIFICE  
AMERICA  
IN OTHER LANDS  
TRUTH MAKES FREE

## II.

ARRAIGNMENT OF RUSSIA  
VISION AND PROPHECY  
A WARNING TO COLUMBIA  
“O PATRIOTS PURE AND STRONG”  
A PILGRIMAGE OF CZARS  
BY KOSCIUSKO'S DUST  
WARNINGS FROM ELDER DAYS

## III.

THE EQUAL LOT  
AMONG THE TREES  
THE LESSON OF THE LILIES  
THE SINGING OF THE BROOKS  
DAYBREAK  
A HEAVEN  
“WHERE THE NOBLE HAVE THEIR COUNTRY”

Clarke



## THE GREAT SACRIFICE.

O STARS, what history  
It has been yours to see  
Enacted here since man,  
Crown of creation's plan,  
His wanderings began—  
Since to his pristine joy  
He added an alloy  
That forth a rover sent  
Him, fired with discontent.  
Say since, with Eden lost,  
The fateful bounds he crossed,  
How dear his straying cost !  
Still, while in wretched plight,  
He was not hopeless quite,  
Nor rayless was his night.

Stars that have kindly shone  
On paths his feet have gone—  
Than downward, let us hope,  
Onward more, and up—

Aid still his wish and quest  
For truth, and peace and rest.  
Still from the blue above  
Shine where he wars to prove  
His patriotic love,  
And, dying, asks you tell  
The ages that he fell  
To foil the tyrant's hand  
And bless his native land.  
And tell, as tell ye must,  
O stars, for stars are just,  
From what great sacrifice  
All others do arise.  
Tell what, foreseen, inspired,  
And what accomplished, fired,  
The patriot heart to live  
For liberty and give  
His life to make men free.  
And aid, O stars, to see  
That highest liberty  
Gives equal weight of care,  
Gives unto each his share  
Of burdens all must bear;

That liberty, if boon,  
Used wrongly, cometh soon  
To license, that is not  
True liberty, but blot  
On the historic page,  
A hindrance to the age.

This life, this sacrifice,  
O stars, from which arise  
The heavenly blessings given  
And hope of more in heaven—  
This life of hope for man,  
Ye saw as it began.  
Ye saw its teeming day,  
O stars, and sunset ray,  
And deathly chill of night,  
And hint at last of light.  
Ye saw the glorious morn  
Of grace and peace adorn  
The mountain heights of time  
And shine to every clime,  
To make all life sublime !  
A star 'twas guided them

Who fared to Bethlehem ;  
And at cerulean poise  
It sentineled their joys,  
As o'er the Saviour born,  
Rejoicing till the morn,  
They mused on what should be  
His wondrous history.

Stars gave the warning dream  
Of Herod's hellish scheme  
And guided, then, the flight  
To Egypt through the night.  
And o'er the child returned  
The stars in gladness burned.

The stars rejoiced the boy  
And study gave and joy,  
As through the years he grew  
To all the ages knew—  
Till wondering sages gazed  
Adoring and amazed.  
Stars cheered the Christ who prayed  
In lonely mountain glade  
And sang their joy to see

The helpful ministry  
Of Him of Galilee.  
And when his followers slept  
Ye stars in pity wept ;  
And, weeping, wondered ye  
At the sublimity  
Of sad Gethsemane.  
And when at Calvary  
The sun refused to shine  
Your stellar beams were sign  
That Christ the slain should rise,  
Completed sacrifice,  
Triumphant to the skies !

Ye stars that wondering saw  
His answer to the law  
Who for the sinful died  
And poured the precious tide  
Of his great life, to give  
The sinful chance to live,—  
Ye stars who heard the word  
Sublimest ever heard,  
That Jesus at His death

Spoke with His dying breath,  
To say the work was done,  
The victory was won—  
From that sublimity,  
That matchless agony,  
All greatness doth proceed.  
Thence every noble deed,  
Thence all unselfishness,  
Thence every pulse to bless  
That helps the patriot die,  
Without the question why,  
For home and liberty.

---

## AMERICA.

ON days and deeds sublime  
That gem this western clime,  
O stars of Freedom, shine,  
And shed your beams benign  
Where Concord bridge was won,  
And rustic Lexington—

And Bunker Hill declared,  
And Bennington, how fared  
The foes of liberty  
Who warred against the free.

Shine where the great and good  
With high solicitude,  
In meekness knelt to pray  
To Heaven to drive away  
The foreign foes and give  
The country chance to live.  
How humble and how great,  
How fit to found a state,  
Was he who knelt that day,  
At Valley Forge, to pray !  
And may his land remain  
The place of all good gain  
And Freedom's own domain,  
The home and resting place  
Of bravery and of grace,  
Of greatness and all worth—  
The paradise of earth !

Though truth the charm will break,  
Still best the truth to speak.  
Here, where 'twas general boast  
That this was Freedom's coast,  
Were human beings chained,  
While Selfishness explained  
That slavery was right.  
And those who saw the plight  
That Liberty was in,  
By league with such a sin,  
And dared rebuke the wrong,  
That still was growing strong  
While grew the nation weak  
To danger that 'twould break,  
Were stigmatized as fools  
Beyond discretion's rules.  
But, in these later days,  
The scoffers dare the praise  
That radicals were wise  
And fit to canonize  
For the sublimest skies !

How cursed this sin the land  
We came to understand

When Donelson was need  
And Fredericksburg, and greed  
Of rough-hewn havoc made  
On Sherman's master raid  
Of horse and infantry  
From inland to the sea !  
And need to prove our liege  
To liberty was siege  
Of Vicksburg and the shock  
Of "Chickamauga's Rock,"  
Grim Thomas of the build  
To name for Cæsar's guild.  
So Grierson's reckless dash,  
Discreet in that 'twas rash ;  
And Farragut in the shrouds  
And Hooker in the clouds,  
And Ellsworth first to die,  
And gallant Lyon—why  
So early sent to heaven !  
And why McPherson given,  
And thousands, thousands more !  
How runneth up the score,  
Through scenes of din and gore,

To Gettysburg, sublime  
Through all the years of time !

What tongue can tell, what pen,  
The fate of prisoned men  
Who, doomed to the ill  
Of Andersonville,  
Learned the tortures that spell  
A new name for hell !  
And who can count their tears  
And warring hopes and fears,  
Who mourned their loved ones there,  
Or slain in conflict, where,  
Though glorious thus to fall  
For country and for all  
That's dear, and true, and high,  
'Twas fearful, still, to die !  
And hard was it to know  
That with the slaughter, slow  
Moved the cause of right  
And darkened down the night  
Of doubt, with scarce a ray

To hint of coming day,  
But rose a lustrous star  
When he led on the war  
Whose calm, courageous way  
Of hero in affray,  
Assured, at once, a morn,  
And was the sign to warn  
The foemen of defeat  
Their cause was sure to meet.

Now once and three times three,  
At Appomattox tree,  
Give every one to all  
Who heeded Freedom's call  
And marched with Grant, to hew  
The hard-fought journey through  
The Wilderness, to see  
The dawn of victory.

But who shall sing to tell  
Their deeds who fought and fell  
In all the hard campaigns,

Who equal epic strains  
For those whose crimson stains  
Full thrice a hundred plains,  
And reddens bloody years,  
Which make them high compeers  
Of all the brave that Time  
Hath brought to wreath and rhyme !

Let gratitude be given  
In joyful song to Heaven ;  
Aye, shout and sing again,  
Good citizens, that when  
The nation was in dole  
A man of prophet soul  
Was sent to meet our need.  
A man inspired to read  
The meaning of the times  
The country for its crimes  
Was going through,—this man,  
With genius fit to plan  
And brave enough to act,  
Made thus his vision fact,  
Wielding the nation's might

For mercy and the right,  
And breaking at a stroke,  
The bondman's galling yoke.

Good stars, your radiance shed  
On paths where Lincoln led  
Through all those years of strife  
Up to the higher life  
Of Freedom and of peace  
And all the good increase  
That makes these states combined  
The envy of mankind !

---

## IN OTHER LANDS.

GOOD stars, what prophet ken  
Had Aztec Juarez, when  
For liberty he fought  
Against the foe who sought  
To bind with Spanish chain  
The Mexican in train

Of papal Rome, to slave  
Subservient where the brave  
Descendants of the sun  
Their long career had run,  
Free as the airs that fanned  
Their lovely native land.  
Well ye rejoiced, to see  
Where foreign tyranny  
Had reigned, superior rise,  
To crown the high emprise  
Of Juarez with success  
And so mankind to bless,  
The fair republic bright  
With promise for the right  
Of patriots everywhere.  
For each hath right to share  
Each country of the free,  
Wherever dwelleth he.

Still Juarez only did  
As high examples bid—  
Through thirty years of blood,  
When that brave Swede withstood

The papal powers combined,  
Who sought on all mankind  
To place the Latin yoke—  
Gustavus brave, who broke  
The bondage long and sore  
For northmen evermore.

He drove the power of Rome  
From church, and court, and home,  
Wherein the people sing,  
To crown Gustavus king !  
And cadence of the song  
The southland doth prolong,  
Where well Emanuel strove  
And Garibaldi's love  
Was given for Italy,  
Mankind and liberty.

And Magyars, whose Kossuth  
For country and for truth  
Was sacrifice, may raise  
To favoring Heaven their praise  
For his grand life, and twine  
The wreath and pray the Nine

To sing to full import  
That high in Austrian court  
The Magyars reign, whom erst  
The tyrant Austrians cursed !

How bright the stars that look  
On Scotland's famous brook  
And bid the ages learn  
That Bruce of Bannockburn  
Was Caledonia's pride !  
Shine where her sons defied,  
At Flodden field, the foe  
That laid her banner low,  
Yet in defeat were strong  
To height of grandest song.  
Beam kind on every glen  
Known to his foot and ken,  
That kingliest of men,  
The Wallace of the Eld,  
Whom, then, ye stars beheld  
And sang him worthy praise  
Of all the future days.

Shine, stars, with beams benign  
On scene of deeds divine,  
Where Winkelried the brave,  
His Switzerland to save,  
Threw on the Austrian steel  
His mighty rage of zeal  
And struck in death the blow  
To break the serried foe.  
His followers raining blows  
Where grand his courage rose,  
Thus turned the tide and day  
Against the cruel fray  
Of those who sought t' enslave  
The Switzer patriots brave,  
Whom God's own mountains gave  
That love of liberty  
That fits men to be free.

And evermore shall ye,  
Bright stars of liberty,  
Rejoice to shine upon  
The field where Cromwell won,  
At Marston Moor, the day

And stemmed the tyrant's sway,  
Till full at Naseby, then,  
Where royal Charles again  
Marshaled his hosts, the band  
Of patriots dared withstand  
The legions of the king.  
And all the years shall sing,  
To let the future know  
They routed him to show  
That foreign he and foe,  
Though native born, for he  
Loved not true liberty.

---

## TRUTH MAKES FREE.

A S truth alone makes free,  
Who country loves must see  
The truth, and love the truth  
As ardently as youth  
The maiden from whose heart

Not even death can part.  
Truth founded love gives rate,  
The citizen's estate,  
A country and a place,  
Fraternity and race.  
Alien to truth, a man  
Nor country hath, nor clan,  
Though cast led well and crowned  
With choicest treasures found  
In late or olden times  
Through west or Orient climes.  
Aye, foreign he, and poor,  
And sick, though mount and moor  
Afford their gold for wealth  
And myrrhs to bless his health.  
Not loving truth, then he  
Shall poor and homeless be,  
Though heraldry declare  
That ancient lineage rare  
Makes him the rightful heir  
To every land and throne,  
And though the people own  
The purple of his power,

Rejoicing in his dower  
And seeking bards to sing  
Him bishop, lord and king.  
But harps must not descend,  
For song hath upward trend ;  
So who but hymns for pay  
Sings but a meagre lay.  
And rhyme they ne'er so well,  
The bards who seek to tell  
An untruth in a song  
And sing success of wrong,—  
Some Crœsus toast for wealth  
That came alone by stealth,  
And hymn the tyrant's power  
As given by heavenly dower—  
Will fail to reach the lays  
That live in honor's praise.  
Then, faltering down to phrase  
Whose labored lines confess  
They sing from selfishness,  
They'll rave to furious stress  
Of prayer to Power to bless,  
When Truth alone gives theme

Befitting poet's dream.  
This truth, ye stars above,  
No truth, there is no love.  
No truth, the gold shall rust,  
To teach the truth it must—  
No truth, then love is lust,  
And love of country, show  
Which all true patriots know  
As subterfuge and sham  
That would to meanness damn,  
Beyond redeeming grace,  
A country and a race.

Yet strange contrasts arise,  
Some royal mysteries—  
A king to virtue known,  
Yet who could make his throne  
By tricks that must belong  
The hellish arts among,  
The anchor of a wrong,  
That should have scourge of song,  
The very rage of rhyme,  
To blast to future time !

The Charles whom Cromwell fought,  
True to his home, was naught  
But false to native land.  
Though promising, his hand  
Withheld the needed good  
He pledged to those who stood  
For liberty and right.  
For these did Cromwell fight ;  
For these he overthrew  
The Stuart king and slew  
The false one of the throne.  
And by the act was shown  
In England evermore—  
A truth the wide world o'er,  
And as the sunlight plain—  
The right of kings to reign,  
Original in heaven,  
Is to the governed given,  
By them to be transferred  
In their installing word  
To those their love shall say  
The kingly traits display.

Would Cromwell had remained,  
Preventing crime that stained  
Bright Albion's sovran name,  
By other Charles who came,  
The Charles who ever wrought  
Injustice and who thought  
Of self alone, and sought  
Delight in splendid sin  
And seemed possessed to win,  
By elegance of shame,  
An ever florid fame  
Unto his royal name !

## IDYLS OF FREEDOM.

II.



## ARRAIGNMENT OF RUSSIA.

IF ill the theme befits  
To sing of Austerlitz ;  
If vain to weep awhile  
By lone Helena's isle ;  
If cold, to some, such theme  
For patriotic dream,  
In that the Corsican  
Fought not for fellow-man,  
But strove alone for fame  
For his imperial name—  
O would some one as rod  
Of an avenging God,  
Arise, who, sent by wrath  
Of Heaven, should cleave a path  
Through Tyranny's domains  
To far Siberia's plains,  
And break the prison bars  
Of victims of the czars !

The cause demands a man  
Serener, grander than

The dreaded Corsican ?  
May one with like strong hand  
And genius to command  
Arise—some leader born  
Under the star of morn,  
Some one whose shining worth  
Shall win the best of earth  
To highest hope and prayer  
For Heaven's especial care,  
And win good gallant men  
To join his flag, whose ken  
At once, from far, can see  
The day of victory—  
The men with might to win  
The boon their faith hath seen.

O, chieftain of the skies  
And Freedom's cause, arise !  
And panoplied for wars,  
Go guided by the stars  
That favoring shone  
Above Napoleon,  
In that sublime advance

From his admiring France  
That made the Russias quake  
And all the kingdoms shake.  
Stars they to aid to see  
The way to victory,  
Stars that would lustrous burn  
To light the grand return  
Of victors from the fray  
Where justice won the day.

Not so the march when Ney  
Fared on the frozen way,  
To cheer his leader back  
Along the winter track  
With remnant of his host,  
To mourn the prize they lost,  
A city burned to ban  
The mighty Corsican.  
Him Russia dared not fight,  
But put to sorry plight  
By burning roof and bread  
That should have housed and fed  
The host, who froze or starved

By thousands ere they carved,  
With Bonaparte and Ney,  
To France their pilgrim way.  
But those engaged  
In warring waged  
To break the dungeon bars  
Of prisoned worth, ye stars  
Would good birds send to feed  
Unto their fullest need  
With manna of the Heaven  
That bread hath ever given  
To those who well have striven,  
Through hard or favored fight,  
In furtherance of right.

If Moscow burned again  
'Twould light the prisoned men  
From durance hard to flee  
To hope and liberty,  
The men whose dungeon bars  
Are legacy of czars,  
Kings whose oppression is  
Acme of tyrannies !

Those sending away  
In bondage to stay  
Whose glances have told,  
Or a breath over bold,  
That the fancies they hold  
Slight hindrances are  
To the wish of a czar !  
Dooming banishment  
For the mildest intent  
Of the patriot heart !  
O tyrant ! what art  
And what spirit malign  
Of the demons is thine !  
How strange that czars should ban  
Those whom but easy plan  
Of right would lead to own  
Allegiance to the throne  
And give their life to prove  
Their loyalty of love  
And interest in the fame  
Of Alexander's name !  
But heeding not the cries  
That move the pitying skies

And make the nations weep,  
These Tartar tyrants keep  
Their hand of tyranny  
Against all liberty.

O, when Sarmatia's brave  
With Kosciusko gave  
Most valorous blows to save  
Their country from the grave  
That fierce tyrannic might  
Had dug for Truth and Right,  
Say, Heaven of justice, say,  
Why did Thy vengeance stay  
From smiting down her foes ?  
O when to Thee arose  
Their patriotic cry,  
Why, Heaven of pity, why  
Should fail Thy mighty arm  
To shield their land from harm ?

And fell Sarmatia, then,  
And her heroic men,  
Whose patriotic worth  
Had brightened all the earth,

Were graced with exiles' chains  
And scourged across the plains  
Afar to foreign strand.  
There they were given brand  
Befitting felon band ;  
Aye, there were given rate  
Meaner than murderer's fate,  
Whose hands the blood had spilt  
Of parricidal guilt !  
Yet there, the scorn of slaves,  
Do these Sarmatian braves  
Display, despite the gloom  
Of their Siberian doom,  
The rare sweet quality  
Of fitness to be free !

Read not the story through,  
Read not of Finn and Jew,  
Whose wrongs alone were theme  
To fill the saddest dream.  
Read only that dark crime  
That chilled Sarmatia's clime,  
And blotted Poland out

With Russian robber rout !  
Thou angel, brave to stray  
So far from heaven away,  
To note for future time,  
The tyrant's monster crime,  
What flame can ever pay  
And burn the guilt away  
That clothes the Russian name  
With everlasting shame ?

Stay, Angel of the Book  
Of Record, stay, and look !  
For this is far from all  
Of Poland's direful thrall  
From Russia's might, whose whole  
Of tyrant dirt and dole  
Hath hue of Herod's crime,  
And smells of Nero's time !  
Fair women sent to pine  
In dark and noisome mine !  
Or sent with felon's chain  
To walk the weary plain  
Where mercy hath no rate,

Where hunger hath no sate  
But cup and crust of hate !  
Or hath she darker fate,  
That is so worse than death  
It is not given breath !

Nor is this all ; for there,  
Condemned to felon's fare,  
Do patriot children know  
Maturity of woe !  
O God ! where is the hell  
In which damned spirits dwell  
That is enough for this !  
For blotting out the bliss  
From childhood's heart of joy  
That never knew alloy  
Of ill, nor thought to stray  
In sin's forbidden way !

Not the boldest would dare  
Nor would anyone care  
To learn every woe  
That the banished ones know.

Read not the story through ;  
One page alone will do !  
One page alone of dread,  
One page with terror red,  
One page of hot tears shed,  
One page of that despair,  
Which fades the eye and hair,  
Saps e'en the power to cry,  
Gives a hot thirst to die,  
Kills the smile on the face,  
Blots the last look of grace,  
Blots the last mental trace,  
Stills the hand from device,  
Chills the blood into ice,  
And the nerves into bone,  
And the heart into stone !

O what chieftain would dare  
In the lists with despair,  
Though grandly he fare  
From tournaments where  
The giants, aflame  
With the passion for fame,

Contend in the fray  
Of chivalry's day !  
Aye, came he away  
Unhewn and complete  
And longing to meet  
Far fiercer than those  
He found to oppose,  
What victor would dare  
To cope with despair ?  
How dead the heart, how dead,  
With hope forever fled !  
And yet 'tis so quick  
That it trembles at tick  
Of the seconds of time  
And the pulsing of rhyme  
Of the song that keeps tune  
With the cadence of June !  
Though despairing till dead,  
Yet it trembles with dread  
At the tenderest song  
That is wafted along  
Over clover and corn  
On the breath of the morn !

And it quivers and quakes  
At a zephyr that shakes  
But as gently as jar  
Of the beams of a star  
That in rose-scented hours,  
Bright glancing in bowers,  
Responds to the flowers  
That smile, to invite  
The cheer of the light  
Of the beauty of heaven,  
In stellar beams given.

Aye, there's never a heart  
That's alive to all art  
And is beating in chime  
With nature's sweet rhyme,  
But if conquered by fear  
Would shudder to hear  
Even music of waves  
Of the streamlet that laves  
The myrtle banks sweet  
Where the fairy ones meet,  
In elfin land grove,

To warble of love !  
Aye, held by despair,  
No victim could bear  
Breath from elfin land, where  
But a breath of the air  
Of the earth would displace  
The planets that trace  
Round the fairy land sun  
The courses they run.  
What then is the fate  
Of the victims of hate  
Of the despot who reigns  
O'er the Russian domains,  
And his victims doth cast  
To the pitiless blast  
Of the northland, or wills  
That in Caucasus hills  
They shall dig till they die,  
And dishonored shall lie  
In a far away grave  
Too mean for a slave !

O if angel could bear  
An exile's despair,

What angel could tell  
Their tortures who dwell  
In a cell of the hell  
Of Saghalien, or give  
Their terrors who live  
In Kara's dark mines  
Where hope never shines  
To mellow the fate  
Invented by hate  
Of the barbarous czars?  
They challenge the stars  
Of the heavens to find  
The exiles who grind  
Hard toiling through years  
Of blood and of tears.  
When worn unto death  
They sigh their last breath  
Afar in that land  
Where doubt damns the strand  
Till o'er the wild sand  
Howl the fiends of despair  
And hiss through the air  
Such foes of all weal

As ecstasy feel  
To sparkle of hell,  
And after a spell  
They twinkle their eyes  
With gleam of the skies.  
Aye, they vary to ray  
Of heavenly day,  
To hint that a morn  
The waste shall adorn,  
Where no morning can come  
To the castaway's gloom !

Endured the tyrants laugh,  
And like the Chaldean quaff  
At high imperial feast  
To their full wishes drest,  
The nectar of their pride  
That long hath Heaven defied—  
Potations proudly poured  
To mock the names adored  
By Poland and by man  
For leading freedom's van !  
Wine drunk in Tartar hate,

From vessels desecrate  
That came from temples where,  
In their devotions rare,  
The loving and the free  
Their feasts of liberty  
In Polish custom held,  
Far back in days of Eld !

O Heaven ! whose lurid star  
Maddens to might and war !  
When thou shalt undertake  
The Russian yoke to break,  
Say, Heaven of justice, say,  
What blood can ever pay  
The wrong to Poland done  
By those whose ravage won  
By Vistula's fair tide,  
That, often crimson-dyed  
From noblest patriot slain,  
Goes moaning to the main !

Ye thrice ten thousand dead,  
Whose blood the Cossacks shed  
In homes of Praga fair,

How eloquent your prayer—  
A plea to Heaven to aid  
A land in ruin laid.  
And emphasis of gore  
Hath this from thousands more  
Where Warsaw's reddened plains,  
That Freedom's ichor stains,  
And Cracow's crimsoned sod,  
Still wail their plaints to God !  
Fair Wanda's mountain moans,  
Responsive to the groans,  
And Dnieper makes her cry,  
For Dniester to reply ;  
And from the Don to San,  
Rebuking Russian ban,  
Blood red the waters gleam  
Of each Sarmatian stream !—  
Whichever way it track,  
To Baltic or the Black,  
Sad, sad each river flows,  
A requiem of woes,  
From Poland to the seas  
That chant her miseries !

## VISION AND PROPHECY.

ON Ural hills it came,  
A tongue of prophet flame,  
A burning thither sent  
From out the firmament  
Of justice, love and truth,  
And everlasting youth.  
And thus the fervid voice :  
“O tyrant ! have thy choice,  
To turn to righteousness  
And teach thy hands to bless —  
Repent the despot’s crime,  
Worst tyranny of time,  
Or take the doom that falls  
Thereon—the mighty walls  
Of tyranny thrown down,  
The dimmed and wrested crown  
Of monarchs in defeat,  
With conscience to repeat  
To all the winds that fleet—  
‘ The tyrant’s fate is meet ! ’ ”

Thus, while the bright night heard,  
Swift flew the warning word  
And sought by westward star  
The palace of the czar.  
There, round the festive board,  
His nobles and their lord  
Glowed o'er their ruddy wine,  
In toast of new design  
To make the exiles weep  
And keep the world asleep  
Anent the wrongs that steep  
The tyrant Tartar's name  
In infamy and shame.

But stay, why trembles he ?  
What vision doth he see ?  
No ghost in festive hall ;  
No hand upon the wall,  
To make his pleasures pall.  
No fiend his eyes detect ;  
No peasant to suspect.  
Tried ministers attend ;  
Full foot and horse defend

The throne and citadel  
Where czar and kindred dwell,  
And cordoned round the land  
Grim guarding legions stand !  
Yet pales the czar with dread !  
He deems assassins tread,  
With blade athirst and blast,  
To drink his blood and cast  
In atoms to the sky  
The halls of tyranny !

The voice from Ural hills  
Flamed forth hath gone in thrills  
Of swiftest breezes blown  
Along the northern zone,  
And many leagues afar  
In palace of the czar  
With trembling terror fills,  
To consternation chills  
The ruler of the land.  
And not invention planned  
To keep supreme at home  
His reign, if foes should come,—

And not ambitious schemes  
That give him pleasant dreams  
Of other lands to gain,  
Of widening domain  
To great increase of dower,  
To boundlessness of power—  
Not one of these, nor all,  
Can break the chilling thrall,  
And drive the fiends away  
That on his spirit prey !

And evermore shall cling  
Those fiends, and tear and sting,  
And for new vigor drink  
The ichor, black as ink,  
Of veins of tyranny  
That fed on liberty  
Through many, many years,  
Drank river floods of tears  
And jeered a thousand sneers  
At patriotic sighs  
Drawn by a czar's emprise !

After the burning spoke  
And round the echoes woke  
Responsive to the doom  
The flame announced to come,—  
Soft blazed the voice of truth,  
In tones of tender ruth  
Of love's sweet firmament,  
A message eastward sent  
By one appearing there  
From out the upper air,  
Who seemed to high emprise  
Commissioned by the skies.  
He wore that loveliness  
That doth high worth express  
In angel or in men  
Of angel mien and ken.

Away on zephyrs borne,  
He came at tinge of morn  
To bleak Siberian strand,  
The northern demonland.  
There imps abound in air  
Who give their constant care

That when the tyrants die  
Some sprite of ill shall fly  
To convoy them to hell,  
Reporting there how well  
They have performed the work  
The monarch of the murk  
Assigns, and, thus, how far  
They have obeyed the czar.

From spirit of the sky  
The imps affrighted fly.  
And well escaped his might,  
They pause them in their flight  
And hiss in powerless ire  
Their breath of spiteful fire,  
That freezes on the air.  
And now they backward fare,  
To see if stranger sprite  
Shall think him to alight.  
And soon he turns to fly,  
That bright one of the sky,  
His plumage to begrime,  
Down through the jagged rime

Of rock where guardsmen pace,  
To keep the exile race.  
And this the world of cheer  
The toilers, listening hear :  
“ Good patience, still, ye braves  
Condemned to fate of slaves !  
Against Oppression’s throne,  
The Mighty makes His own  
The cause of those who, long  
In suffering, still are strong.”

Glad on his herald tongue  
The delvers hopeful hung.  
Yet scarce could angel’s cheer  
Dispel an exile’s fear.  
Forth then the voice of flame ;  
And soon a lovelier came—  
An angel with this word :  
“ The message ye have heard  
Was told to me in heaven  
Whence all good gifts are given.  
So strange ’twas thought ’twould seem,  
So fanciful the dream,

Another one was sent  
Attesting the intent  
Of powers above to bless  
With buoyance in duress  
And exodus from chains  
To Freedom's fair domains."

The angel ceased and drew  
A stylus forth of hue  
Of the cerulean blue  
And ruby stone and white,  
And straight began to write  
Upon the prison mine  
With deep cut lustrous sign.  
No words the delving said,  
But breathless watched and read ;  
And forth the angel fled.

Came then a third to say :  
“ Toilers, ye have seen to-day  
Two of the seven prized most  
Of the selectest host  
Of all the armies bright

Bannered in realms of light,  
Aflame with brightest star,  
That host ten thousand are,  
With place of honor given  
The thousand best of heaven,  
They who the most have blessed,  
As heaven's accounts attest,  
The sorrowing ones of earth,  
And honored most true worth.  
And those a hundred best  
Have placed before the rest,  
The hundred giving seven  
Most pleasing unto Heaven  
The highest, foremost place  
Of all the angel race.

"And of this number, one  
Is Uriel of the sun.  
And Raphael gracious is  
And given to ministries,  
And most sublimities  
Hath missioned been to see,  
And most of misery.

The first your boon to tell  
Was flaming Uriel,  
And Raphael who came  
To witness Uriel's flame  
And cheer with face benign  
The delvers in this mine.

“ Led Israfil the throng  
In that first Christmas song  
That told the waiting earth  
Of a Redeemer's birth.  
And he of all the seven  
From out the weeping heaven  
Flown sad, in sympathy  
And wondering tears, to see  
The dread sublimity  
Of rugged Calvary,  
Stayed sentinels and kept  
The tomb where Jesus slept—  
The loveliest of the sky,  
Who gave himself to die.  
And their rejoicing eyes  
Beheld the Saviour rise

And saw the earliest ray  
That tinged an Easter day.

“As, in God’s economies,  
What once is true, forever is,  
And truth for angels holds for men,  
So, evermore, as when  
To watching spirits came  
The primal Easter flame,  
The best of honors given  
To man this side of heaven  
He wins who faithful waits  
With Right through cruel fates.  
Who bides with Worth through shame  
Shall have a lustrous fame ;  
With Christ through night of scorn,  
The joy of Easter morn !  
And this, if fervors beat  
Of summer’s fiercest heat,  
If ’tis November drear,  
Or if that time of year  
Whose wintry breath  
Is genuine as death !

“ Not oft do mortals see  
In quick succession three  
Celestial ones, as ye  
This day have seen and heard  
In glad prophetic word.  
Yet men this truth may know,  
That for each want and woe  
Some angel waits above  
Commissioned by the Love  
Supreme, to fly and prove  
With blessings from the skies,  
That He is kind and wise  
And doth permit the stress,  
To give Him chance to bless  
And those who suffer, place  
To struggle into grace  
Of goodness and the dower  
Of perfectness of power.  
Whoso behaveth right,  
Whatever be his plight ;  
Whoever thinketh bright,  
Important, happy thing  
To say, or paint, or sing,

Hath influence from the sky,  
And voice to ask him try  
To make both fine and strong  
The word, the tint, the song.  
Who heeds the first, gains more  
Of the celestial store  
That gives uplift from trite  
To new, from slough to height,  
From weakness unto might,  
From dryness, deadness, blight,  
To bud, and leaf, and bloom,  
That hint of Junes to come.  
O gracious boundlessness  
Of Heaven's power to bless !

"Keep sweet, O patriots, ye  
In this hard slavery,  
And some day ye shall see  
The tyrant bend the knee,  
To ask for leave to fly,  
By conscience scourged, to die  
Beneath this bitter sky—  
Here, where the clank of chains

Doth fright Siberian plains  
To barrenness and dearth  
Unknown elsewhere on earth—  
Here, where such blight has blown  
Forever from the zone  
Of doubt, that all the air  
Is dense with chill despair!"

Seen or invisible,  
As seemeth to them well,  
The spirits come to tell  
The words of wrath or love  
That emanate above.  
And though alert to sounds  
And sights that vex their rounds,  
The guardsmen of the mines,  
Sworn to the czar's designs,  
Saw not those whose emprise  
Was threatening from the skies,  
Though came they bright as stars  
To speak the doom of czars.  
But read the guards in mine  
The deeply-written sign,

And sent a message far  
To citadel of czar.  
And he to frenzy flew,  
And worse each moment grew.

Imperial mandate given,  
The royal guards had striven  
The writing to erase.  
But none could yet efface  
Indictment graven there  
By one of upper air.  
And livid in that mine  
Fierce glistened still each line :

*“ Unless the czars repent  
Before the firmament  
And right the wrong  
Their hate hath done so long,  
For Poland’s cup of gall  
The Russian throne must fall !”*

The czar a chemist sent,  
Who with fierce caustics went,  
To eat the message out

That so had put to rout  
The pleasure of the czar,  
And toiled from dawn to star  
With fiery rust and bar.

Homeward a horseman flew,  
And this the message true :  
“No science can begin,  
Nor skill, the race to win—  
The words are burning in !”  
Some straying peasant heard  
The courier’s fateful word  
Reported to the lord  
Chief courtier of the king,  
And all the people sing,  
And children join the din,  
“*The words are burning in !*”

Again, the man with bar  
And rust to please the czar,  
And tear the message out.  
Of which the people shout.

And with his mission o'er,  
Reports he as before :  
“ A span, a foot, a rod—  
Swift science doth but plod.  
The words do inward fly  
As missioned from the sky !”

In rage the monarch flew,  
The alchemist he slew,  
And sent another still,  
With threat to chain and kill,  
Did he not burn or tear  
That message of despair.  
And with him fared a guard  
That no one should retard,  
Nor scientist should flee,  
If unsuccessful he.  
Returned, he trembling said,  
As forth the guardsmen led  
Him, strongly held and bound,  
To slay if faithless found :  
“ A foot, an ell, a rod—  
The message writ of God

About a nation's sin  
*Is further burning in!"*  
The guardsmen aim to fire !  
The monarch cries, "Retire  
With him in heavy chains  
To wildest northern plains !  
The recreant's mocking breath  
Must not the ease of death !"

Fruitless the despot's plan  
Of banishing the man.  
Borne by the ready airs,  
His message onward fares  
Through scenes of joy and dearth  
Around the peopled earth !  
Hill tells it unto fen,  
The wilds to homes of men,  
The mountain to the moor,  
The robin at the door  
Of cottage and of hall—  
That broken soon the thrall  
Of Russian slaves will be,  
And joy of Liberty !

And chant the brooks and birds :  
“ The angel-written words  
About a nation’s sin  
*Are ever burning in !*”  
And other birds are singing  
In every morn of winging,  
In every noon of flying .  
For food for birdlings crying,  
And eve of homeward hieing  
To nest, and rest, and love,  
A message from above  
Befitting lark or dove  
To sing in all the earth :  
“ Man’s greatest wealth, his worth,  
His unearned plenty, dearth ;  
His best of liberty,  
Deserving to be free.”

Still other birds that fly  
And sing, they know not why,  
Thus cheer, inspire and warn  
At eve and happy morn ;  
“ Whatever first success,

What flatterers address,  
How fondly love caress,  
How praiseth selfishness  
That hopes returns to bless,  
Whatever is the stress  
Of noyance that doth press,  
War waged for wrong is wrong,  
And weak and never strong.  
And weak is war for might ;  
But ever finds true knight  
All powerful war for right,  
For God is in the fight !  
Though right should lose the fray,  
And victory delay,  
Yet surely comes the day  
Of victory, to stay,  
And show that right hath might ;  
For God is in the fight !”

## A WARNING TO COLUMBIA.

BUT briefly where it sung  
The sentient glowing hung.  
Then over seas it came,  
The fearless warning flame,  
And o'er Potomac's tide  
In indignation cried,  
As, eyeing halls of state,  
Mid-air the burning sate,  
Self-poised in conscious truth  
And sense of lasting youth :  
“ For shame, Columbia, shame !  
Bedimming thy bright name  
By leaguing with the power  
That claims by heavenly dower  
Each individual soul  
Of lands in his control,  
With right to dominate,  
Unto severest fate  
Those bending not the knee  
At nod of Tyranny !

“ Why dost thou promise, why,  
That when to thee shall fly  
Those fortunate to break  
Their bondage and to take  
Across the seas their way,  
West guided by the ray  
Of freedom, to thy land,  
They shall be held for hand  
Of czar, whose wrath they flee,  
To fly in hope to thee?  
These sent to despot back,  
To dungeon and to rack,  
For holding but the thought  
That ill the monarchs wrought  
Who joyed to curse  
With an oppression worse  
Than the tyrannic crimes  
Of old barbaric times !  
In league, Columbia, why,  
With Russian tyranny ?”

In silence, then, the flame,  
To hear if answer came

From out Columbian hall.  
And, saying “ Deaf to all,  
And to thy past untrue ! ”  
The lustre, sighing, flew  
To welcome of the blue,  
That bent, sad questioning,  
And bade the birds to sing,  
And brooks—“ Columbia, why  
In league with tyranny ? ”

---

“ O PATRIOTS, PURE AND STRONG.”

O PATRIOTS, pure and strong,  
And waiting now so long  
Surcease of this hard fate,  
Wait on, for God doth wait !  
For Christ, when in the fate  
O'er which all nature wept  
And Heaven sad vigils kept,  
His slayers could forgive,  
And died that they might live.

He shed in death the tears  
That permeate the years,  
And ever plead with man  
The beauty of the plan  
Of giving bread for blows,  
For thorn, the thornless rose  
Of love, that sweeter grows  
Through trials oft and sore—  
That, wounded o'er and o'er,  
Doth from its fragrant store  
The balm of good disburse  
And blessings breathe for curse.

To keep this code of heaven,  
The patriots have forgiven,  
In hope that kindness win  
Who seventy times should sin.  
But seven times that have striven  
These foes of man and Heaven,  
And by ten thousand times  
Have multiplied their crimes !  
And Heaven impatient grows,  
And, noting long the woes

Of Poland and of all  
Within the Russian's thrall,  
Will surely send a hand,  
To write where tyrant band,  
In revel o'er their wine,  
Shall read and know the sign  
Grim glistening on the wall,  
That tyranny must fall !  
Aye, patience may endure ;  
But wrath deferred is sure.  
And soon the man shall rise  
To hear and heed the cries  
Of victims of the czars.  
And then, O waiting stars,  
How will ye shout and sing,  
And call the birds to wing  
In swiftest flight, to tell  
Wherever patriots dwell,  
His name who conquered Tyranny  
And set the exiles free,  
And Poland's flag unfurled  
To honor in the world.

Aye, God will heed the cries  
Of Poland's agonies.  
For, though his name is Love,  
And His the carrier dove,  
Yet His the eagle is,  
And all the majesties  
Of all the life of earth,  
Since far creation's birth !  
He gave the tiger power,  
And ocean monsters dower,  
To lash the seas to rage  
And mighty ships engage.  
He taught the earth to quake,  
And made the mountains shake.  
'Twas He created light  
And piled the Alpine height.  
He set the rhythmic spheres  
To cadence of the years  
Of the eternity  
He gave the right to be !  
His Christ of Olivet  
And Galilee used, yet,  
A scourge ; His Moses saw

The lightnings of the law  
From Sinai blaze, to tell  
That with Jehovah dwell  
All powers, and it is well  
With those alone who fear  
Him, and in truth sincere,  
Hold all His statutes dear,  
Who live for righteousness,  
And never to oppress.  
And He, if stubborn prove  
The czars to pleas of love,  
Will call some iron man  
To execute His plan,  
To thunder forth His wrath  
And plow with war a path  
Through tyranny's domains  
And break the exiles' chains,  
And lead each patriot band  
To home and native land.

Fail not, protesting rhyme  
Against the Russian crime,  
Fail not his worth to sing,

Who, once in Russia king,  
Had righted much of wrong,  
Had not the furious throng  
Smote Alexander down  
And set the Russian crown  
Against the Polish cause  
Of Liberty's good laws.  
But Polish patriots see  
A crime in anarchy.  
No vengeance on their foes  
Would they ; but thornless rose  
And white, and every flower  
Of Peace for those whose power  
Hath been so long the ban  
Of Russia and of man !  
Unselfish in their grief,  
These patriots seek relief  
For all who feel  
The tyrant's iron heel.  
To people of the realm  
They seek to give the helm  
Of Russian power,  
As rightful dower.

Nor charge they the rod  
Of tyranny to God.  
And spurn they the extremes  
Of the ill-visioned dreams  
Of those anarchic fools  
Whom wild unwisdom rules,  
They of that base alloy  
Which nerves men to destroy.

---

#### A PILGRIMAGE OF CZARS.

WILL tyrants turn, who make  
Their chief delight to break  
The patriotic heart,  
And name their crime an art !  
Yet grant imagination scope,  
And patience chance to hope  
That czars be won to sense  
Of need of penitence,  
Or scourged until they see  
How wrong the cruelty

That gives to Poland tears,  
And damns a thousand years !

Should miracle be done  
The greatest under sun,  
The visioned stars have seen,  
And czars repentance mean—  
Go, czars, by conscience sent,  
Go, honored to repent,  
Go, with your burden bent.  
Go any way ye must,  
Go, if through thorns and dust ;  
Go, if with heavy chains  
Like exiles o'er the plains !  
Go, grateful that you may ;  
Go, seek fit place to pray.  
Go where the zephyrs say  
That sigh from heaven's way !  
Go, foes of liberty,  
And fall on suppliant knee  
Where dust of Kracut is  
'Mid Cracow's mysteries,  
The first of Polish kings

The muse of History sings,  
The Slavic chief of time  
Ere czars had cursed his clime.  
There, pleading not the claim  
Of royalty or fame,  
But only His good name  
Who gave the one relief  
That owned himself a thief—  
There tell the skies your sin,  
Aware as ye begin,  
That Christ, the ever kind,  
With justice mild, consigned  
To millstone and the sea  
The unwept tyranny  
Of Pharisees of old,  
To whom ye likeness hold.  
Kneel, then, in Cracow, where  
The soul of Wanda fair  
Doth frequent still the air  
Above the hill that claims  
Sweetest of Polish names.  
And ask you there of Heaven  
If czars can be forgiven !

BY KOSCIUSKO'S DUST.

THEN, with this pleading done,  
If beams benignant sun,  
Or if for you there shine  
One ray of star benign ;  
Then seek another grave,  
His place whom Heaven gave  
To show to czars and earth  
A Polish patriot's worth,  
And sent to aid, in youth,  
Columbia's cause of truth.  
There, by this hero's rest,  
See, if, with prayer addressed  
The Heaven of Liberty,  
Czars can forgiven be  
Of Heaven and of the free !  
There hear from far the cry  
Of those who hope, or try  
To hope, before they die,  
To see once more the home  
From which dear memories come.  
O ! memories that burn

And into torments turn !  
How must the exiles yearn  
For once to grasp the hand  
Of kindred in the land  
Of their great leader's birth,  
The dearest land of earth !  
O, cruel tyranny !  
That freemen may not see  
For once the boyhood farm,  
Sweet with the pet brook's charm ;  
For once the childhood cot,  
For once the play-place grot,  
For once the daisied mead,  
For once two paths to lead,  
As once, to trysting place  
Of bravery and of grace !  
For once the grassy mound  
That love's fair roses crowned !  
There Linka's ashes lie,  
Who had the choice to die  
Or tell the tyrant's spy  
When by His Highness bid,  
Of patriot Pavel hid !

And there's the outlook hill,  
And there the near-by rill,  
And there the other stream,  
Whose unforgotten gleam  
Inspired the boyhood dream  
Of busy, stirring life,  
Of joy in hardest strife,  
Of earning high success  
And coming home to bless,  
With nobly won largess,  
The village where in joy  
Erstwhile dwelt the boy !  
Instead, condemned to pine.  
Imprisoned in a mine,  
For that high quality  
That fits men to be free.  
There, where the good man lies,  
Best of the sanctities  
Of the Sarmatian land,  
There, tyrants, stand,  
There, tyrants, kneel,  
And well the honor feel !  
There, ye who give a slave

The right to choose his grave,  
The felon, who atones,  
With hempen halter, groans  
He caused, the right to say  
Where ye his bones shall lay—  
There, by Kosciusko's dust,  
Be honest, once, and just !  
There talk, repentant czars,  
With conscience and the stars,  
The eyeing stars, that see  
What is sincerity,  
And will no fleeting mood  
Of tears for years of blood !  
Tell stars and conscience why  
In vain do freemen cry  
To you for boon of serf,  
For one green stretch of turf.  
Where, from foreign strand  
Sent back to native land—  
Where, if not given breath  
At home, they may at death  
Be sent to final rest,  
To slumber unoppressed !

Cannot endure the stars ?  
Why, there's a place, ye czars,  
Where stars do never shine,  
And whence no royal line  
Or peasant cometh back  
By straight or devious track—  
But onward still must fare  
Whoever goeth there !  
And there's another, too,  
Where stars are never due,  
But lurid lightnings glare,  
And demons rule the air ;  
And hither none shall fare  
That ever enter there !  
And there's another still  
Of flowery plain and hill  
Of Sion, blest abode  
Of angels and of God !  
And of the saints who rise  
From earth's hard agonies  
To freedom of the skies !  
But, untransformed by grace  
To fitness for the place,

In heaven no tyrants live ;  
For heavenly blisses give  
Such influence that 'twere hell  
For tyrants there to dwell.

---

## WARNINGS FROM ELDER DAYS.

O ye unthinking czars,  
Why contradict the stars !  
For they have lived to see  
Too much of history  
To deign to a reply  
When even Russians lie !  
Boast not your hosts in arms,  
That give the world alarms.  
For steel-clad giants are  
But pygmies to a star.  
Stars laugh at all your power  
And point to Shinar's tower,  
That was, and Babylon,

That boasted to the sun  
Of her Chaldean might !  
And held the world in fright,  
And perished in a night !  
And but her ruins tell  
Of Babylon that fell !

And point the stars, to king  
Of whom but furies sing,  
The Herod throned of yore,  
But cursed forever more  
In street and cloister lore.

From scanning these  
Look back to Rameses,  
Whom and whose like gave tears  
For twice two hundred years  
To chosen sons of God.  
And these condemned to plod,  
Scourged by oppression's rod  
That grew by gore,  
These, through their bondage sore,

Upon God's promise fed,  
Till, brave enough, they fled,  
By visoned shepherd led.

And now the sea before  
Withholds from freedom's shore,  
And prisoning mountains stand  
To hold for Pharaoh's hand.  
But look ! the flood divides,  
Heaven holds apart the tides !  
The fugitives pass through ;  
Menephtah's hosts pursue.  
But fierce returning waves  
Whelm in their watery graves  
Ruler, horsemen, all—  
A wreck that hints the fall  
Of the Egyptian throne,  
O'er which in warning moan  
The ages sweep, to say  
That tyrants pass away !

Man's title to be free  
Is writ in history,

And finds, to prove it, given  
The very truth of Heaven.  
And, sweet as favoring word  
By wooing Honor heard,  
The song of brook and bird  
And Zephyr's minstrelsy  
Are music of the free.  
So everything decries  
The despot's tyrannies.  
In waking life of spring,  
When glad the robins sing ;  
In the persuasive breath  
Of June from flowery heath ;  
In airs that sweeten shade  
Of pleasant wooded glade  
And move the fairy ferns  
To dance by merry burns ;  
In storms around the peaks  
Where fierce the thunder speaks ;  
In chill November's gale  
That sweeps the frosted vale ;  
In Ocean's sullen roar  
On Winter's icy shore—

In all her ministries,  
The voice of nature is  
Rebuke of tyrannies.

In tender tones and mild  
As plaintive voice of child,  
In clarion peal, and strong  
As burst of lyric song ;  
Commanding, deep and slow  
As centuries that flow  
Through history  
Toward eternity—  
The olden warning word  
Repeated, now is heard  
In all the upward trend  
To Consummation's end ;  
The word in every wind,  
The word in every mind,  
But yours, audacious czars,  
Who contradict the stars—  
Let ye my people go !  
Let ye the exiles go !"

## OTHER POEMS.

III.



## THE EQUAL LOT.

WITH equal hand, impartial Heaven  
Bestows on all, the blessings given  
To cheer the earth.

If birds that bless the morns of spring  
Alone at regal courts would sing,  
We might complain.

But everywhere, from hill to shore,  
The joyous warblers artless pour  
Their songs for all.

As grateful thine anemones  
And all the perfumed potencies  
Thy rose exhales

As odors they of kingly kind,  
Empurpled in a palace, find  
The flowers to yield

That grow by royal gardener dressed,  
And bloom with smiles of princess blessed,  
On sacred days.

Nor sweeter sounds than you or I,  
Hears king or Croesus, walking by  
The purling brook ;

Nor, navied in their gilded boats,  
Than we embarked in common floats,  
More restful splash

Of wave ; nor surer they to ride  
In safety to the haven side  
Of waters sailed.

Nor king than we has sweeter hymn  
Of Zephyr ; nor doth Sunset limn  
Diviner west

For king, with hues from heavenly fount ;  
Nor nearer is the royal count  
Of stars than thine

To His who outlined nature's plan  
And reared the astral arch, to span  
The universe !

## AMONG THE TREES.

WHERE nature reigns distinctions fade  
That pride may bring to grove and  
glade,  
To flaunt them there.

Rank has no sway at nature's court,  
And Fame is there of small import,  
And pelf is scorned.

Impartially, when vernal breath  
Proclaims the winter's reign of death  
Is at its end,

The maple buds portend the June,  
Whose leaves shall cool the torrid noon  
Of summer time.

To thee as kindly welcome wave  
The elms as unto prince they gave  
Who fared that way.

And wild and tender harmony  
The pensive pines address to thee  
As unto all,

And breathe balsamic airs of health,  
Uncaring for their rank and wealth  
Who seek the boon.

The quiet beauty of the beech  
To thee as unto all will teach,  
If thou wilt learn,

The loveliness of real worth,  
Whatever station in the earth  
The worthy have.

To thee as grand the oaks that hold  
Discourse with crags of mountain bold,  
Anent the storms,

As unto royalty they seem ;  
And for thine eyes as brightly gleam  
The autumn woods

As for the monarch who desires  
To imitate their gorgeous fires  
On robes he wears,

But finds that futile is the sleight  
Of kings to deck themselves as bright  
As nature shines !

Contrasting with the snowy lands,  
As sombre-hued the hemlock stands  
To symbolize

Thy grief, as though the dark, cold green,  
Sighing, bemoaned with northland queen,  
Her consort dead.

And when again the trees in bloom  
Dispel the thoughts of death and doom,  
And hope inspire,

Thou canst the graceful tasseling  
That decks the birchen boughs of spring  
As well enjoy

Uncrowned, untitled and unknown,  
As though instated on a throne  
Of kingly power.

## THE LESSON OF THE LILIES.

NATURE rebukes presumptuous men,  
And yet invites the constant ken  
Of reverent souls.

And still the words the Master saith,  
Who came of old from Nazareth,  
Nature repeats :

Consider thou the lilies well,  
O man, who thinkest thou canst tell  
Their coloring,

And canst the processes divine  
Wherein the primal hues combine  
That beauty give,

And tell the fragrances that meet  
To make those rarest odors sweet  
That lilies shed.

Consider thou the lilies well,  
O man, who thinkest thou canst tell  
What lilies are—

Perfections of the alchemies  
Wherein the chemists of the skies  
Have wrought their best !

And lilies not alone meant He  
Who taught on hills of Galilee,  
Their loveliness.

But all the flowers that decked the field  
For him did sweetest pleasure yield,  
And theme for thought.

And, eloquent above thy speech,  
The flowers will still their ethics teach,  
O man of earth,

As when, to prove His doctrine true,  
In Palestine, the Teacher drew  
From nature's store.

And, mortal, thou canst ever find,  
If well instructed is thy mind  
By heavenly power,

Such high renewal of thy might,  
Such inspiration and delight,  
And rest, and peace,

In thinking on the works of God,  
From tiny twig and velvet sod  
To mountain peak,

As thou, in thine ambitious schemes  
Fulfilled unto thy brightest dreams,  
Can'st never find !

---

### THE SINGING OF THE BROOKS.

THE sweetest songsters carol  
Among the Berkshire hills,  
In harmony with music  
Arising from the rills  
That flow with silvery murmur,  
In melody along,  
And charm as if in heaven  
They learned the art of song,  
And were by Him empowered

Who formed the starry spheres  
And guides their rhythmic motion  
Through all the circling years.

Bright brooks ! they came from heaven,  
To teach the tuneful art,  
And woo men from their sorrows  
And from their cares apart ;  
To teach them high behavior,  
And gentle ways and true,  
Inspiring them with courage  
To fight life's battles through ;  
The while, through all the harshness  
That gives to earth its ban,  
They live attuned for living  
Where harmony began.

There other brooks, in chorus  
With other birds, shall sing,  
To tell the power and goodness  
Of the Eternal King ;  
And welcome home the singers  
From dissonance of time

To melodies of heaven  
And zephyrs of the clime  
With music far exceeding  
The cadence of the rills  
That carol with the songsters  
Among the Berkshire hills.

---

## AT DAY-BREAK.

AT last along the eastern sky  
The glimmerings of morn,  
To end in radiance of joy  
A night of doubt and scorn !

Dread night—it was a winter long !  
And cold with winds of fate,  
That still, through all their fiendish song,  
Were hot with ire of hate  
  
And live with imps whose interludes  
Chimed with the airs, to tell

The rancor of infernal feuds—  
Fit minstrelsy of hell !

But now the birds with carols high  
Charm all doubt's fiends away,  
And crimsons now the eastern sky,  
To hint a coming day,

That shall through all its hours remain  
Unvexed by doubt and scorn,  
And in the full of noon retain  
The newness of the morn !

A day whose evening shall proclaim  
That brighter dawning waits,  
Fulfillment of the sunset flame,  
At the celestial gates !

## A HEAVEN.

WHEREVER bloom the happy isles  
In lasting verdure drest,  
Whereon perpetual morning smiles  
High welcome to the blest,

No glided barques bear any there ;  
Nor, borne o'er summer seas,  
Do any find the orchards fair  
Of the Hesperides.

As story made a dragon bold  
The fabled apples guard,  
So, now, who seeks for fruit of gold  
Opposing fiends retard.

But on the good the truth bestows  
Herculean power to slay,  
By valor's well directed blows,  
The monsters in the way.

Wherever the elysium is,  
In what good land afar,

And gained by what high ministries  
Of what benignant star,

It is not reached along the way  
Where sirens charm the sea ;  
But seek, the warning angels say,  
Through Christ of Calvary,

The kingdom of conditions high,  
Where quality hath rate,  
Where fitness, and not heraldry,  
Gives entrance through the gate.

For what man is, not where he is,  
His heaven is, or hell ;  
His heaven the heavenly qualities  
That prompt his doing well.

His heaven that high ennoblement  
That gives to whom 'tis given,  
The blessing of a heart content  
To win his way to heaven.

WHERE THE NOBLE HAVE THEIR  
COUNTRY.

A BOVE the grandeur of the sunsets  
Which delight this earthly clime,  
And the splendors of the dawnings  
Breaking o'er the hills of time,  
Is the richness of the radiance  
Of the land beyond the sun,  
Where the noble have their country  
When the work of life is done !

There is the mysterious problem  
Of their earthly life made plain ;  
There the bitter turned to sweetness,  
There the losses turned to gain.  
There the rapture of the new life  
Far exceeds the griefs of this,  
And earth's toiling is forgotten  
In the restfulness of bliss.

And the music of their welcome,  
From angelic lyres of gold,

Shall full often be repeated,  
Yet it never shall grow old ;  
Music grander than earth's noblest,  
Than all eloquence of words  
And the sweetest of the carols  
Of the gladdest of the birds !

Welcome there, and there forever  
Free from artifice of time,  
Shall the noble of that country,  
In the real of that clime,  
Read the wisdom of the Father,  
From whose all-creating hand  
Are the beauties, and the glories,  
And the people of that land.

There they rightly read the visions  
Of the ancient seers, that give  
Higher good than urban splendors  
Where the saints at last shall live.  
There they surely find a heaven  
Not conventional or made,

And inhabitants delighting  
In the hillside, brook and shade !

For magnificent with forests  
Is that country of the skies,  
Far excelling in their bird-songs  
All the earthly minstrelsies.  
And that country hath its mountains  
And is resonant with streams  
That are sweeter in their music  
Than the rivers of our dreams !

Blooms of finest form and lustre,  
Fragrant on the eternal hills,  
With their odors bless the zephyrs,  
That, harmonious with the rills,  
Sing, to give the angels pleasure  
Who were fit to sing the birth  
Of the Savior of the sorrowing  
And the sinful of the earth.

And, His mission there completed,  
He shall reign with them above

And instruct them in the wonders  
    Of the country of His love,  
Where He giveth them an entrance  
    And that higher work to do  
That shall keep them ever growing,  
    And the charm of living, new.

And His name throughout the ages,  
    As the æons circle by,  
To the trend and the cadence  
    Of their own eternity,  
Shall be theme and inspiration  
    In the land beyond the sun,  
Where the noble have their country  
    When the work of life is done !

CLARE.

A RAVEN folds his wings  
Where Susquehanna sings  
A deep unceasing dirge ;  
And, chiming with the surge,  
And sadder than the song,  
The bird, the whole day long,  
Cries forth from pines that sigh  
Beneath November's sky !  
Yet vain the chant, how vain  
The whole commingled strain,  
To give a full relief,  
Or even lessen grief,  
When over loved ones slain,  
Bereavéd hearts complain  
That woman false should prove  
To constancy of love.  
In vain the pine trees sigh,  
And bird and river try  
To tell their blessings fled  
Who mourn their Roderick dead.

For he such joy had given,  
To them he seemed from heaven.

But came a fateful day  
To sweep their hopes away !  
Protecting angels ! spare  
The earth from more like Clare,  
Who lit, to quench, the fires  
Of love's supreme desires,  
Joyed o'er the fading glow,  
Laid then the altar low,  
And gloried in the guilt  
To wreck the temple built  
Of peace, by hope, above  
The silver shrine of love.  
And these in ruin say  
How sad that fateful day.  
Betrothed from her own choice,  
To make his heart rejoice  
Who faithfully and well  
Had loved, by message fell  
Clare put his joy to rout  
And ruthless blotted out

The star that makes men glad  
And, failing, drives them mad.

At middle of the night,  
When hope had borne such blight  
'Twere midnight were it noon,  
November were it June !  
Doubt's night, when 'gainst despair,  
Worst fiend of all that are,  
The lover long had striven,  
At midnight, demon-driven—  
He knew not what he did !  
Blame him ? O Heaven, forbid !  
And Heaven their hearts sustain  
Who mourn their Roderick slain.  
And yet they bravely keep  
Life's course while still they weep.  
And braver than to live,  
The sorrowing ones forgive  
The cruelty of art  
That broke a lover's heart  
And drove him to the deed  
For which their hearts must bleed

Throughout the desert years,  
And they shed bitter tears  
O'er one with sweetest worth  
That ever perfumed earth,  
O'er one whom traitor gave  
To an untimely grave.

So of this sadness voiceful surge  
Of river sang, and so the dirge  
Of pines, and all the winds that blew,  
Told what no yeoman was but knew,  
No dullest vision but could see  
Was useless here more witchery.  
Yet here, where seem the rocks in tears  
And giant oaks to thrill with fears,  
The artful Clare dissembles pain  
Of grieving love o'er lover slain,  
Till some, repenting scorn they gave,  
Of feigning Clare her pardon crave,  
And speak in tones that fall like rain  
On thirsty herbs of fevered plain !  
The hint of wish to fare away  
They gently chide, and press to stay,

And beg a frequent friendly word  
By postman fleet or carrier bird.  
Then, flushing fine from their caress  
Who pray celestial graciousness  
The grief-rent heart of Clare to bless,  
The queen of arts that do not fail  
Goes forth to quest in other vale !

How many there her arts reward  
The song were weighted to record.  
Yet many 'twas, and there, of all  
Entranced, but one too brave to fall.  
This Donald was, blithe, wise and strong,  
From land of heather and of song—  
So gallant, unobtrusive, good,  
'Twere naught to read the noble blood  
Descended from some hardy clan  
Whose valor back to Wallace ran,  
And blended, in the days of eld,  
With might the glorious Bruces held.  
Discerning Scot, as Scots are born,  
With inner sight to ken and warn,  
He read her arts and read to scorn,

And tossed a calm derisive “nay,”  
And said, as needless ’twere to say,  
“ Fair one withhold the huntsman’s horn,  
Nor urge thy steed the chase forlorn.  
Although thine arrows oft have slain,  
To speed them here again were vain,  
Till easier game thine eyes shall see  
Before thee, queen of archery !”

Defeated once, but hopeful still,  
The artful is victorious till,  
Returning where her course begun,  
Art wins again where erst it won.  
Inbreathing, from the airs that fleet  
And from the souls her arts defeat,  
New qualities of woman’s power  
To add to her abundant dower,  
Audacious grows the conquering Clare,  
Till, daring sacred precincts where  
The ashes loved of Roderick sleep,  
And bowed bereavement comes to weep,  
She startles from affection’s prayer  
The kin and comrades faithful there —

Yet artful so they near believe  
Her artfulness, that would deceive  
Almost the angels of the skies,  
So saintly seem her sophistries!  
Assuming role of mourner, too,  
Who sorrows more than others do,  
She comes in tears and tearful goes,  
Returns in tears and plants a rose,  
And tarries oft in practice there,  
To learn the art to feign a prayer !

Thus once from dawn to evening star,  
When stranger fared who came from far,  
From England's coast, in quest of fame,  
From England's coast, with Albion's  
name.

Though great his English consequence  
And all sufficient for defence  
Against most pleasures aimed to try  
To swerve from his endeavors high,  
It was not proof against the Clare  
Discovered thus by Albion there,  
A lovely grief alone at prayer !

If power there be in woman's smiles,  
How thrice bewitching are the wiles  
Of woman tremulous with fears,  
Of woman grieving unto tears.  
And charming if the grief sincere,  
Her sorrow feigned more cause for fear,  
When greater than the true appear  
The acted sigh, and look, and tear.

Tell not the story, though 'tis brief,  
Of Albion won by woman's grief,  
So fully won that those who warned  
He heeded not till charmer scorned.  
Tell not the tale, though briefly said,  
Of Albion loving, Albion dead,  
Self-slain because refused by Clare,  
The charming grief he found at prayer.  
How great the woes of woman due  
At Roderick's grave and Albion's, too !  
At hint of day she weeps by one,  
By other with the setting sun !  
But yonder, poised on buoyant wings,  
An angel messenger, who sings:

"Fair one and false, inconstant Clare,  
'Twere ill for one from upper air  
For once a woman's mind to taint  
With words that any vices paint  
To which her cruelties have driven  
Good men whose virtue, sweet to heaven,  
Bloomed fragrant on the airs of earth  
With odors of celestial worth !  
And who shall tell the griefs that crazed  
Till calmest minds erratic blazed,  
Then sunk forever in the night  
Of deepest hopelessness of blight !  
Or who describe the crimson tide  
Where love, defeated, rashly died.  
Although the busy following years  
Of triumphs won through causing tears,  
May for the moment thrust aside  
Remembrance of the first who died  
To whom, in plighting troth, she lied,  
Not long doth Clare forget, I ween,  
The color of the tragic scene  
When he went out a darkened way.  
Not even Clare forgets that day—

Not even Clare, where 'er she stray,  
Not even Clare doth long forget  
The sadness of the sun that set  
When first a victim of her slight  
Rushed wild, despairing into night?

“ But that dark night shall have a morn,  
O Clare, who didst his pleading scorn,  
A morn when thou from night shall see  
His spirit in felicity,  
High mated in that country where  
No one like thee shall ever dare,  
O fair, inconstant, cruel Clare !

“ Forgiven by his gracious kin  
Thy keenest cruelty of sin,  
Straight from his death, all unoppressed,  
Thou faredst forth on other quest,  
To win again, again to prove  
Thy sure inconstancy of love.  
And now, although in pride arrayed  
And flushing from achievements made,  
Thou comest to dissemble here

The power to shed a truthful tear,  
And try the feat, of feigning, Clare,  
The awe and agony of prayer,  
To aid thee sorrowing love to feign,  
That should another lover gain  
For thee to crush, to see his pain !  
Then thou wouldest drink his being up  
And toss aside the broken cup  
That was a faithful lover's self,  
As but the pence of beggar's pelf,  
And forth to other conquest fare,  
Inconstant and insatiate Clare !  
Responsive to thy nature's call,  
Here Albion gave to thee his all.  
Drank thou his soul to thy delight,  
And all his power, to give thee might.  
Drank thou with that high ecstasy  
That speaks a woman's liberty ;  
And then, the consummation done,  
Thou, cruel, fair, inconstant one,  
With might he gave didst giver slay,  
And say to all his pleadings nay—  
Thy victor soul to steel didst turn

And Albion from thy presence spurn ;  
And alternated back to prayer  
Still other souls to charm and snare !  
Nor wouldest thou rest until thine arts  
Had snared and drunk a thousand hearts,  
That each increased the art of Clare  
By thousand fold of power to snare,  
And all the kingliest of the earth,  
Mistaking artfulness for worth,  
Should rave in eloquence of praise  
Of thine enrapturing ways,  
Or cringe meek suppliants for thy smiles  
And, for them rivals, by thy wiles,  
Should die in duels for thine hand  
Till rashness reddened every land !  
With airs to sigh a deep refrain,  
And stars in tears above the slain  
That cumbered every plain  
From northmost to Antarctic main,  
And mighty angels trembling o'er  
The prodigality of gore  
From Orient to western shore,  
And saints forgetting bliss on high

To shudder with the peaceful sky—  
This, this, O Clare, were unto thee  
The acme of felicity !

“ But thou shalt never capture more,  
Thy day of conquest now is o'er !  
'Tis mine, fair one, the word to speak  
That, spoken, must life's tenure break.  
To some that word is but a boon ;  
Yet unto most it comes too soon.  
But seem it soon, or seem it late,  
Or mean it boon, or mean it fate,  
Or seem it just, or seem it fell,  
When missioned here, that word I tell ;  
For I, fair one, am Azrael.  
And here that word as dart I send  
Thine artful cruelty to end ! ”

The listener, speechless, quivering stood,  
Then, reeling, staggered toward the flood.  
The spurning waves soon cast ashore,  
And fishers, finding, pitying bore  
To lonely glen and buried there,

Where meagre marble reads of Clare !  
There weird the pensive pine trees sigh  
Beneath the gray November sky,  
And raven comes on sombre wings  
And gruesome to the river sings,  
That, chanting sad and ceaseless strain,  
Bears burden to the distant main  
Of love that perfidy hath slain.  
And mournful whispering with the dirge,  
Distinct above the river's surge,  
And sigh of pines and note of bird,  
The spirit of a voice is heard :  
*"O maiden fair, do thou be true,  
Or thou shalt long thy falseness rue !  
O woman false, beware, beware ;  
Repent thy ways, give heed to Clare !"*

O who shall tell the damning guilt  
Of her who wrecks ideal built—  
By her desired, by her inspired—  
By lover by her wishes fired.  
Than this there is no greater crime  
In all the rounds of troubled time,

Beneath the wide-beholding sun—  
Who murders love, hath murder done !

O ye compelled to be  
Acquaint with perfidy  
Till ye might think that Clare,  
Was type of all the fair,  
Come where the roses rare,  
And clover blooming there,  
Shed forth upon the air  
The story of a love  
Whose fragrance cheers above  
The breath of sweetest June  
Of Summer's boon !

Where sweet a shining river  
Flows singing to the sea  
And purls with charming cadence  
Where smiling landscapes be,  
Gemmed bright with pleasant mansions,  
That in perspective seem  
The counterpart of castles

That fill youth's brightest dream—  
There, sweet within that valley,  
    In other days, a scene  
That fills with choicest fragrance  
    The years that intervene !

And for that scene the valley  
    A finer verdure spreads  
When, cheering after winter,  
    The May sun radiance sheds.  
And brighter flame and crimson  
    And lovelier dun and gold  
The hardy mountain beeches  
    And valley maples hold,  
When frost and autumn sunshine  
    Their chemistry have done,  
In glorious completion  
    Of work the spring begun.

Dear vale of Metawampe !  
    Sweet by the sunrise shore  
Of thy majestic river,  
    Delightful evermore,

An arbor was where Lillian,  
Who Leon promise made  
But later wrecked the plighting,  
By unwise kindred swayed,  
Returned, at last, repentant,  
To bid his hope relive,  
And there so bravely humble  
Knelt asking him forgive.

And quick above the sadness  
That darkened weary years  
And weighted him with sorrow  
Exceeding words and tears,  
There broke serenest radiance  
That ever augured day,  
Or woke a heart to courage,  
Or lit a wanderer's way.

With gentle hand,  
In fairy-land  
To thoughts sublime she led him ;  
With grandest views,  
And nectar dews,

And heavenly fruitage, fed him ;  
From field and sky  
And mountain high  
Inspiring lessons read him ;  
With tender art,  
From her true heart,  
A sincere promise said him,  
Naming a day,  
A month away,  
A happy day to wed him.

That good day came  
With sweetest flame  
The Orient ever lighted,  
To signalize  
The golden ties  
Of loving hearts united !  
Day sweet with airs  
That banished cares  
And to high thoughts incited ;  
Day spanned with blue,  
The whole day through !  
As if all wrongs were righted

And sang the lark  
Till all birds dark  
Had flown from earth affrighted !

Sweet vale of Metawampe !  
Therein since that dear day  
Auspicious time for trysting  
The silver nights of May.  
For, then, from favoring Heaven,  
Swift where the lovers wait,  
Thrilled with the thoughts surpassing  
All else however great,

Fly ministrants commissioned  
To utter words that save  
From cowardice the lover  
And make the maiden brave.  
And when the pledge is spoken  
To crown love's high emprise,  
They soar from Metawampe,  
To tell the waiting skies !

















LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 117 363 0

